

Algol, Part III

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This is the third part of a series, built on specific themes. The Long Stall of the Ladder's Percussion was part I. Three Banished Trees was the follow up. Hence, Algol, Part III.

Valorization of the hero gambit

The valorization of individualism
is a gambit to protect corporations
and deflect state responsibility

lifting up the sacred individual
as the hero of their singular or our story
in this layered life, it is strategy

no thought leaders should direct us
no primal influence should suffice
it only negates collective efforts,
only empowering the state and markets
to the detriment of humanity's commerce

For emphasis: The ethical application of education – a city in consensus

We need to use research as shared methods, not as weapons to prepped cages, but instead as that which directly benefits communities, individuals, and collective degrowth, not out of motivations for financial rewards or grants or determined copyright factors, profit and careerism is the absence of a healthy education, not layered insight, the humanities can contribute, despite the backlash or the years of resentment

There are real, focused ways that teaching, learning, and the exploration of that research and community infrastructure can bond, facilitate, sing in chorus, can collaborate that begin to resemble undoctored fragments of usefulness, a community of degrowth that is here for all of us from one town to another, independence and mutual cooperation, working together for the one in each other, not dependent on scalable costs of living increases that throw stumbling blocks, increases that do not really benefit anyone but the state or organized information centers, and only furthers the aims of capitalism, birthing the fetishism of this or that new actor, tallied like burnt stars suspended in eager animation, fragments of stolen time reprehension, distilled for distant constellations that never stopped to measure the neighbor's needs

Do not tease Taurus or conduct research for profit for a few while the many are without, do not push designs to further a career that only you benefit from, like praying for your own yard, a life well-lived is giving back, real research is understanding the connectness, space and place, you know to what the community needs because you are already there, you reject it at your core, the community already innately understands that you only stand to declare your own genius, this is true of all the sciences, all the tailored degrees to that ecological understanding under-pines, and humanities, advanced to any degree, can locate the prime mutual repeating community chorus, then academics will learn what it is to be a soldier against state consensus and influence of grants, the community that is already there can help provide what the educator needs for lifetime resources, it is the scholars who are learning after all this time, by connecting, not observing, not distant, it is deeply unfortunate that after all this patterned law, making with the master's tools still stands taller, how is that we are still living in a time we still must beg for scholars to stop writing books, but instead write communications that directly place the ethical application of mapped education and strength to the neighborhood of living saints, always present; the course of statutes cannot be walled or closed but instead, living in a garden relief of mutual sainthood only of a new normal, working one for all

The pharisees and scattered map

Charlyn Marie Marshall

measures the oxygen

In town we own the rights

to the abandoned tunnel and well

We step like counted doves

on a highline of gusts

Before our birthdays, we work

to avoid the moonshine monks

The starlight bottled reservations

that chase us out of town

Like counted Wednesdays and stallroom

shutters that trick the seasons

wheat

we have sequestered songs of defeat into holding cells
like fragments of the vine, they step or stand out of order
hoping for a longer day in which the rich might triumph
and the folding wheat might snap in the noon sun
unlike the other rebels, tossed, clarified, and solicited
we know the battering ram was dulled to a soft projectile
where mother hen parts on their first robbed apartment
and the staples of morning arrives free at your door
there are stolid fingers of glass identical to severed chairs
rummaging, counting, solidifying, grass curtains underneath
tropic-sated anxieties and parsing weights of a loud cicurated
person on foot, trained, and in these dammed vessels, indulgent,
we lock indifference like shuffled papers not knowing reproach
or tolerance – no more than the diaspora of moonlight interposed

capitalist valuation like dined couplets

stuck up the ladder of a sold acquaintance and saddened viols
matter inversed for trobador future oriented infralapsarianism
packing veils for capitalist valuation like dined couplets
dust on your hands does not mean you will never see the land
your casual familiarity with foregone summarization as decree
that we will be one meter from the turn of Isaac's lonely steeds
sanctioned, transitory music of Black Swans and Curl-crested Jays
that knows no borders, diminutive demarcations, or absent exchange

White Cornelian Cherry

These dogwood palms, contrarian houses
Corf corbel ligaments fountains stern well
 Buried leaves respite conspicuous buds
 Esplanade commuting coast counsel bells
Better rills descended perambulate
Walking monuments bitter morning light
 Water loathed and touched grass curtains
 Torched yellow resurrected roots sign night
String cabinets aside empty palms for May
For gregarious candles sailing right
 In kind, display these mountainous lips
 And haunt grieved propositions flight
 Accessibility ornamental
 Does not withstand Plains a journey still

Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff pardoning Algol

soldiers masked as door pheasants
preaching into the breaking wind
lovers drawn to the Atlantic, draping
oiled gloves on marching pedestrians
talking about Caesar and portobello
like a façade to a house with no ceiling
they are dancing on the circumference
the seasons they tap upon no less distressed
bottled about or too stubborn to nihilify
waist-deep sailors like swooping mew
songs of affection daunt center stage
stained supersonic museum pardoning Algol
sugared bayonets framed as viper vehicles
the consumers of authorizing legitimacy
war criminals beguiling a soft touch negligence
legacy enemies of the state revealing the contract

old gravel for new proverbs and untied boxes in Scottsdale

shelter for trappers in trans-gulge sapphire shadow casts
did not declare themselves unholy, unwavering, or supportive
thinking of a life outside town like an extracted persona,
made for these times, not a peddle-folk orchestration in sight

stringed grass-plat moved in accordion thoughts on maps
aging like a stranger in our own floating steel apartment,
whether, the subaltern nature parsed order imposed on birds,
cities, and cry-scapes that drown out the neighbor songs

theatre for scourged swordsmen laughing like untied boxes,
there we have laid our living stone voices, shattered,
along the petrific eyes of the Steller's Jays west coast flights
Javelina chartered like sand on windows and paper in Scottsdale,
on domesticated waiting-shadows, territory of arms, caverns tying,
where the dawdling taste of singing air modulates time anew

You were greatly mistaken

You took extreme measures, like coin tosses, assuming I would return
assuming I would immediately fall back in line, after four trying years,
after a lifetime of symptomology, despair, and chemical waves of defeat

Parched regiments followed behind you with the devotion of drones
physicians ready to lift you to the heavens where we could meet

like spare favoritism was a bond of family, related or not, untreated
Electrifying memories of a time I was able to speak unaltered
a time a could recall foreshadowing as passable and normalized
you were in such a hurry to leave so suddenly, so abruptly, stealing

It was clear your desires were out of control, not resting on soil
you burned bridged like a waste department start fires unadjourned
leaving over undeveloped, warped, and residential debilitating time

I did not acquiesce

I told you to try in the future

Of course, you never did

scourging of soil metabolism

past the night class
extractivism censors
celebrations in chambers
refugees of class
global north figurines

standing aloft from paper
with a cape, watch, and pipe
demanding services as free labor
damaging the self, the soul
the ableism of grieving

the children that follow
will not know remorse
the soil pirates conjure meaning
like a people given into desire
you will not want the world
that follows ecological tendencies
that do not bend in our favor

Trains that run away

For the morning or the light,
designed to play with matches
over your timber soul

these trains are curling microscopes
a quarter past 1 a.m., chaffed like the fog morning
breathing all held in as though stale

with chandelier crest markets betting on rest
plead with the entry to the dust covered door,
a wedding behind it, at a table, secure

take hands with the one who stole your song,
take him in your heart and run away
where the lakes do not drain the type of day

matchboxes in the soil for tourniquet weddings

delicate merit for the worthy horses of concrete and green fodder
stooped and bowing like a franchise on the cover of Marines Co. magazine
prisoners are shaking in line to either perform a duty or be killed
with the eventual disappointing promise of freedom at the bell hall

running 37 meters with promises to keep, like a father's last request
diligent, nimble, with a flatline mosaic under the trophy of holistic awards
groceries mocking the row of books like paper gravel under bedrock tendencies
the television castrating the man of the moon for proper commercial appeal

a matutinal history of olive cloves and thrift store prince charming shamed
carrying the baby weight of rhodium tip degrees of depression banked deep
until the next few days begin with lights of summer evenings, traitors to the day
like a marshmallow sky traveling lightly along the earth's crust tilling evening rain

the patron saint of arts gives birth to dimmed stars and filed entry

dimming the scaffolds on the marquee of hearts and lore
the patron saint of arts's collective harmonics pray needling
where pictures grow into mountains along a favorite fishing dock
measuring the terminated array of stock markets and medicine

this house was once a mete out mercy for stellar rainfalls
dictating the hammered stout argument like lions on the beach
traitors in the ICU dancing towards the death of lying whales
the straightforward conviction of law and order and trials

having to die alone while the Lt. Cmdr. rubs it in
she thinks I will not be pacified with hospital food
a comforting bed and a morphine drip to ease the pain
listing to Paul Simon until my breathing gets slow and dim
and I miraculously give birth to a blessed baby before I die
leaving the world with one more life to intoxicate and file

What is it like to write a poem?

It is a defibrillator on an apple
or a swimming suit on a tomato
that cannot swim, nor desires to

It is a community dance
that no one wants to perform in
but we all must shed our inhibitions

We must demonstrate this moment in time
one voice of one's own time in history
writes for all time's demarcations

Cassandra, dear soul of returning flames

Oh Cassandra, your dreams were never eclipsed
never borrowed by the high courts as doctrine

Oh Cassandra, how you continued to see
truth-telling only to be transfigured into sex slavery
by gods you understood better than us
by gods your prophecies emitted from

Oh Cassandra, we forgive you
the days have come and gone again
like in your time – never believed by towns,
taverns, or oblique hearing guides

Oh Cassandra, please forgive us
they did not understand their reflections

The importance of community

I see everything in double
the first hour or two after I wake
so I need to close one eye
and write one eye'd hymns

Doctor's letters that never make trouble
do not hear me, after all, I only have hearing
in one ear, but that sharpens my hearing
in my good ear, opening music as important

Schizoaffective Disorder is disbanded and controlled
by a mountain of medication, including clinical anxiety,
depression, and PTSD, colorful pills that pull me close
to my soul's geography and after 28 years of this I have learned
concentration, patience, flexibility, and the importance of community
with the exact precision of high fidelity of a song, like birds calling home

knit together structures and chosen companions like humming resonance targeting the head of a pillar

rhapsody of straightened out meters condoning the body of knowledge conjured
“when will it be true?” said the guzzled gas like heartbreaks in a lone traction chord
“get into trouble,” proclaimed the measures of Abraham’s reformed conscience
there we left the passing over of excellently condemned streets or lost makeup art
get into the tree that plagiarizes the history of May Day and walking cemeteries
just allow the partition of grocery allowances and wifi recipes relying on no one

if only Jacob could see our secret efforts, he would kick so many blessed shins
disjointing the sanctification of bent out mapmakers across the signature alias
this merry touting tune of weathermen and counter sold legitimacy signing tips
no, longing to be the ones to adhere to the matrimony of community solace
“no, this one is for us,” cries the trial-embedded chorus of altruism’s end doubt
bones and gear and water bags with the merit of chief manifested waiting by days

You have to go after them

I've walked out of a lot of doors
and that doesn't look like someone who is coming back

Romanticizing Poverty

space age Beguines romanticizing poverty
like eggshells thrown with the coffee machine
the dish towel on the floor, mother crying
father saying now is not a good time to talk

cataract bedrooms away from boasting folks
proud of how hard they had it growing up
so by default you would learn some lesson
some intangible lesson, inheriting brutality

there is no wisdom that comes from poverty
all there is to know can be taught in safe spaces
there no enlightenment from being disadvantaged
that anyone with half a heart didn't already know

these lessons the powerful want the poor to learn
they are extensions of enforcing control, to relive
what your internalized family seems so proud
to have survived, like we should be grateful
of lost opportunities, of desperately built bridges,
of self medicating that everyone knew was wrong